

## Forgetting Things

Brian has forgotten his hat in the apartment where Cynthia and I live. It sits on the kitchen table between two empty glasses of wine. Brian's mother's father is bald and he is already afraid for his head and has taken to baseball caps with innocuous logos for soft drinks, Italian restaurants, and occasionally an actual baseball team. The forgotten hat is black with an Apple computer logo, the familiar apple with a bite missing, redolent of original sin and special knowledge. The hat is sticky with wet spots. *Juice? The wine?* The black cloth gives no clues. I cautiously sniff, wondering.

For now, Brian still has hair. Yesterday, I saw Cynthia stroking it, as it is her habit to stroke mine. He was seated in front of her desk and she had risen to stand behind him. Then she bent to kiss his neck. I had come with the report she asked for. They did not know I was there.

My one hat is functional. A knit cap to keep my head protected from the cold. I never leave it behind and would miss it immediately if I did. There are things we always remember and things we habitually forget. Would Brian forget his hat if he had only one?

I hear the cat meowing and wonder why someone left the bathroom door closed. I open the door to free the cat. It stares at me, meowing from the toilet. "Come on, cat," I say. I lift the cat and set it on the floor while looking at the contents of the toilet. I think of things Cynthia always forgets and things she always remembers. I sit on the edge of the bathtub with Brian's hat in my hands before getting up to flush the toilet.